

Orlan. Now by the faith of my loue, I will ; Tel me where it is.

Ref. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you: and by the way, you shal tell me, where in the Forrest you liue: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ref. Nay, you must call mee *Rosalind*: Come sister, will you go?

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques.

Clo. Come apace good *Audrey*, I wil fetch vp your Goates, *Audrey*: and how *Audrey* am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?

Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest *Ouid* was among the Gothes.

Iaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then loue in a thatch'd house.

Clo. When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, vnderstanding: it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poeticall.

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honest in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Clo. No trulie: for the truest poetrie is the most faining, and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne.

Aud. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me Poeticall?

Clo. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope thou didst feigne.

Aud. Would you not haue me honest?

Clo. No truly, vntlesse thou wert hard fauour'd: for honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a sawce to Sugar.

Iaq. A materiall fool.

Aud. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honestie vpon a soule flut, were to put good meate into an vnleane dish.

Aud. I am not a flut, though I thanke the Goddess I am foule.

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulness; flut-tishness may come heereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with *Sir Oliver Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.

Iaq. I would faine see this meeting.

Aud. Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy.

Clo. Atten. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt: for heere wee haue no Temple but the wood, no assembly but home-beasts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necessary: It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, euen so poore men alone;

No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Rascal: Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Heere comes *Sir Oliver*: *Sir Oliver Mar-text* you are wel met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or shal we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none heere to giue the woman?

Clo. I wil not take her on giuft of any man.

Ol. Truly she must be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Iaq. Proceed, proceed: Ile giue her.

Clo. Good euen good Mr what ye call't: how do you Sir, you are verie well met: goddild you for your last companie, I am verie glad to see you, euen a toy in hand heere Sir: Nay, pray be couer'd.

Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the Ox hath his bow sir, the horse his curb, and the Falcon her bells, so man hath his desires, and as Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibbling.

Iaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a bush like a begger? Get you to church, and haue a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow wil but ioyne you together, as they ioyne Wainfeet, then one of you wil proue a shrunke pannell, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Clo. I am not in the minde, but I were better to be married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me wel: and not being wel married, it wil be a good excuse for me heereafter, to leaue my wife.

Iaq. Goe thou with mee,

And let me counsel thee.

Ol. Come sweete *Audrey*, We must be married, or we must liue in baudrey: Farewel good Mr *Oliuer*: Not O sweet *Oliuer*, O braue *Oliuer* leaue me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knaue of them all shal flout me out of my calling.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosalind & Celia.

Ref. Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider, that teares do not become a man.

Ref. But haue I not cause to weepe?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire, Therefore weepe.

Ref. His very haire.

Cel. Something browner then Iudasses.

Ref. Marrie his kisses are Iudasses wyne children.

Cel. Faith his haire is of a good colour.

Ref. An excellent colour.

Cel. Your Cheeset was euer the onely colour.

Ref. And his kissing is as full of sanctitie,

As the touch of holy bread.

Cel.

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of *Diana*: a Nun of winters sisterhood kisses not more religiouslie, the very yce of chastity is in them.

Ref. But why did hee sweare hee would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Ref. Doe you thinke so?

Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as conceale as a couered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Ref. Not true in loue?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Ref. You haue heard him sweare downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is: besides, the oath of Louer is no

stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the confitmer of false reckonings, he attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ref. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man as *Orlando*?

Cel. O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verses, speaks braue words, sweares braue oathes, and breakes them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his loue, as a puiſny Tilter, y' spurs his horse but on one side, breakes his staffe like a noble goose; but all's braue that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistresse and Master, you haue oft enquired After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue, Who you saw fitting by me on the Turph, Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse That was his Mistresse.

Cel. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly plaid Betwene the pale complexion of true Loue, And the red glowe of scorn and proude disdain, Goe heere a little, and I shall conduct you If you will marke it.

Ref. O come, let vs remoue,

The sight of Louers feedeth those in loue: Bring vs to this sight, and you shall say Ile proue a busie actor in their play.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* doe not scorne me, do not *Phebe* Say that you loue me not, but say not so

In bitterness; the common executioner, Whose heart th' accustom'd sight, of death makes hard

Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck, But first begs pardon: will you sterner be

Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?

Phe. Sweet youth, I had rather here you

Ref. Hees false in

Fall in loue with my

As she answers thee

Her with bitter word

Phe. For no ill w

Ref. I pray you d

For I am faller then

Besides, I like you n

'Tis at the trust of Q

Will you goe Sister

That eyes that are th

Who shut their cov

Should be called ty

Now I doe frowne

And if mine eyes ca

Now counterfeite re

Or if thou canst not

Lye not, to say min

Now shew the wou

Scratch thee but wi

Somefearre of it: L

The Cicatrice and e

Thy palme some me

Which I haue darte

Nor I am sure there

That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere *Phe*

If euer (as that eue

You meet in some fr

Then shall you know

That Loues keene a

Phe. But till tha

Come not thou neer

Afflict me with thy

As till that time I sh

Ref. And why I p

Thar you insult, exul

Ouer the wretched?

As by my faith, I fee

Then without Cand

Must you be therese

Why what meanes t

I see no more in you

Of Natures sale-wo

I thinke she meanes

No faith proud Mist

'Tis not your inkie l

Your bugle eye-ball

Thar can entame my

You foolish Shephe

Like foggy South, p

You are a thousand

Then she a woman.